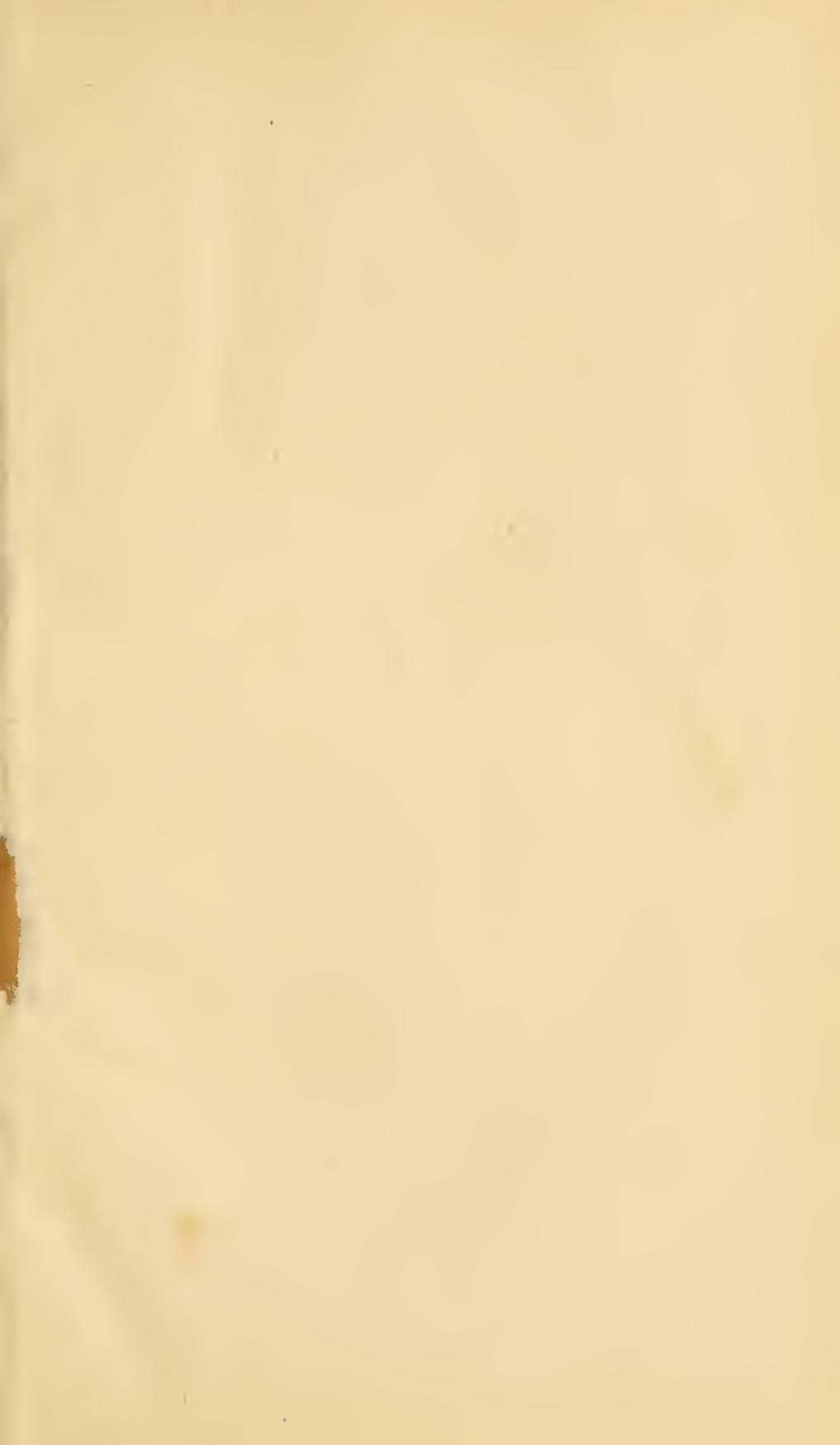


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SARATOGA COUNTY: AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS

By GEO. G. SCOTT.

AND A

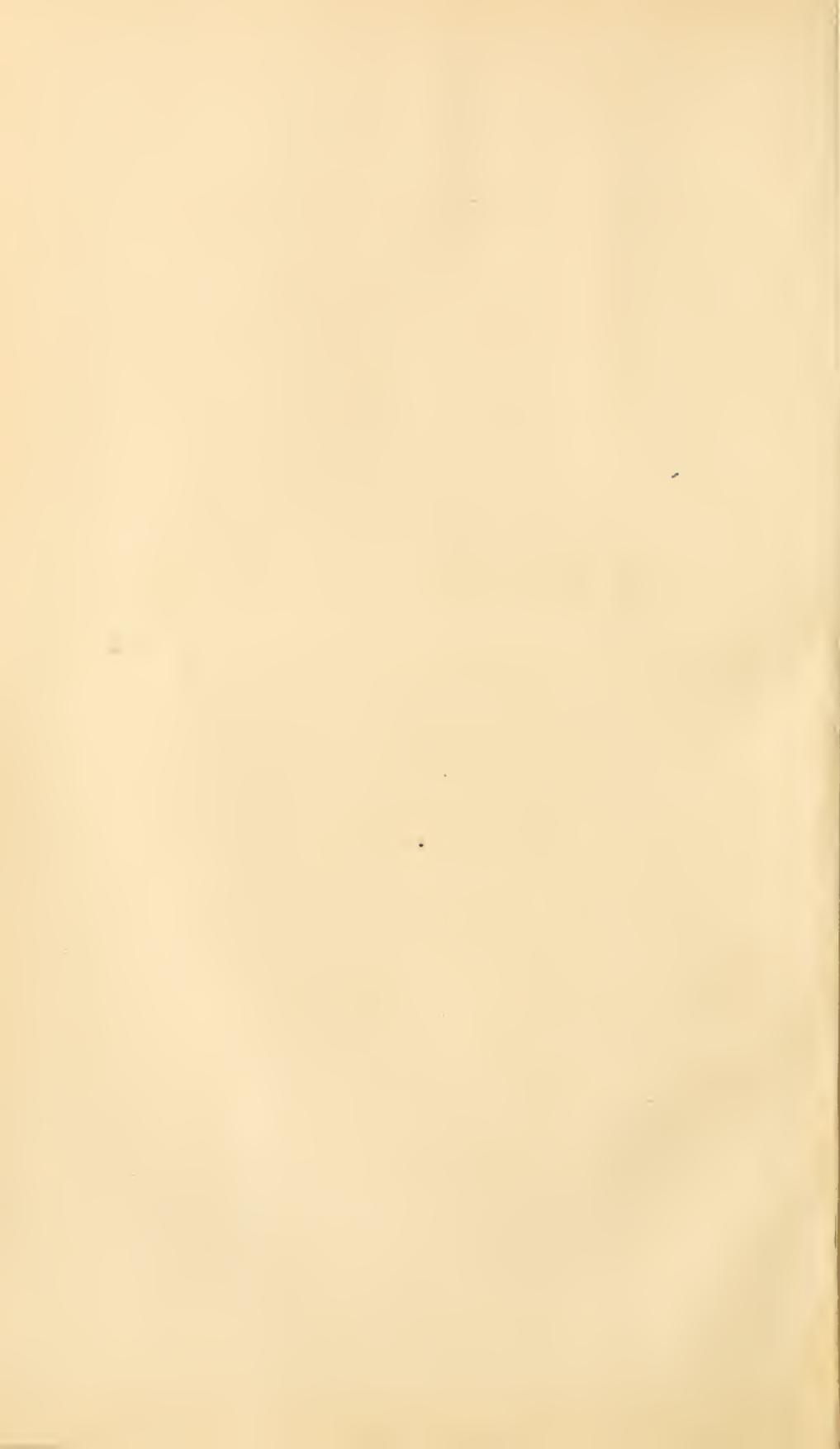
CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

By J. S. L'AMOREAUX.

Delivered at Ballston Spa, N. Y., July 4, 1876.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.
PUBLISHED BY WATERBURY & INMAN.
1876.



G. G. Scott

SARATOGA COUNTY

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FELLOW CITIZENS :

In compliance with an invitation of the committee of arrangements and our county officials, suggested by the proclamation of the President of the United States. I have, with some diffidence, consented to assist in filling out the ceremonies of the day, with an imperfect sketch of our local history. The brief limits required for an address upon an occasion of this character, will necessarily permit no more than a general reference to that portion of our history with which the civilized world is familiar—which I shall endeavor to supplement with some facts and incidents, confined chiefly to the Colonial and Revolutionary period, that have escaped the notice of the general historian, or have not been deemed worthy of his attention. Having already been somewhat instrumental in furnishing some of these facts and incidents that have been

published, I shall feel at liberty to reclaim them, so far as shall be necessary for my purpose.

The territory comprised within the limits of the county of Saratoga, when first known to the Europeans, formed a part of the extensive domain of the Mohawk Indians, one of the five nations, composing the confederacy of the Iroquois. This territory had been reserved, and was kept by them, as their favorite hunting ground. No one, not of their nation, whether savage or civilized, was permitted to encroach upon it. In the appropriate seasons, they would leave their villages and castles up the Mohawk, and in their bark canoes glide down the river to the mouth of the Aal Plats (or Eel Place creek,) about three miles below Schenectady, row up that stream to a point near the head of Long (now called) Ballston lake, transport their canoes thither, pass down that lake, at their leisure, and through its outlet, to what is now the East line corners, and there encamp, for the purpose of hunting, trapping and fishing.

Until some forty years ago there was upon the Marvin lot at that place, a boulder, with an orifice, on its surface in the shape of a mortar, scooped out either by artificial means or by the action of water at some remote period, which the Indians used for pounding or crushing their corn into meal. This interesting relic has unfortunately disappeared, no one knows how or where—but it is supposed that it was broken up in the construction of the railroad in the immediate vicinity.

From this encampment they crossed over to the

Mourning Kill, a short mile distant, and proceeded thence in their canoes down that stream to its confluence with the Kayaderosseras, and thence to Saratoga lake. There are still occasionally found upon the west shore, between the mouth of the Kayaderosseras and the Narrows, traces of their encampment. That lake was then noted, as it is yet noted, for the abundance of its fish, and contained, what have unfortunately long since disappeared, large quantities of trout. The Kayaderosseras, as far up as Rock City Falls, for a considerable time after the advent of the whites, abounded not only in trout, but shad and herring. From the lake, the Indians passed down Fish creek to the Hudson, and down that river to the mouth of Anthony's Kill, up that stream, through the Round Lake and up the Ballston outlet, to their encampment by the old stone mortar.

It may seem incredible to the present generation, that such diminutive streams as are some of those I have named, afforded navigation even for bark canoes. But it has been one of the draw backs of clearing up this wilderness for the abode of civilized man, that our creeks have shrunk to one-third or one-fourth of their original ordinary volume.

This territory has been the scene of many a bloody conflict between the Mohawks and the Canada or Northern Indians, known as the Hurons, the Algonquins and the Adirondacs. On the south bank of the Sacandaga, in the town of Day, are traces of an Indian burial place. There is a tra-

dition that a party of the Algonquins, passing up the river in their canoes, on an expedition against the Mohawks, were drawn into an ambuscade by the latter and all destroyed and buried at that spot. At a later date, hostile parties of the same Indians had an encounter by the bank of a stream near the line between Charlton and Galway, and nearly all of the defeated party were slaughtered. For many years, even after the whites had begun to settle in the vicinity, the survivors and kindred of the slain were accustomed to return to the spot upon the anniversary of the battle, and indulge in lamentations over the dead, according to the Indian custom. This circumstance gave to the creek the name of "Mourning Kill, which it has ever since retained. ("Kill" is the Dutch name for "creek.")

I hold in my hand a memorial medal of Queen Mary the Second, which has no doubt dangled from the neck of some loyal Mohawk, and was lost in the chase or on the war path. It was found a few years ago by Mr. George C. Taylor, two or three feet below the surface of his meadow, near Milton Center, while excavating a ditch. The medal contains a vignette of the queen, and an inscription, as follows :

.....	MARIA H. D. G MAG. BR. FR. ET.
.....	HIB. REGINA.
.....	NATA. 10 FEBR. 1668. COR. 11 APR.
.....	1689. MORT 29 DECR. 1694.

The place where we are assembled is near the line of march of the French and Indians, when in 1690, they surprised and burned Schenectady,

slaughtered sixty-three of its inhabitants, and returned with several captives.

The Indian title to tracts bordering upon the Hudson and Mohawk and extending back a few miles into the woods, had been purchased at an early day, and patents therefor obtained from the crown. The Halfmoon patent derives its name from the place of junction of the Hudson and Mohawk, suggested by the crescent shape which they there assume, or, as some insist, by the curve in the Mohawk above the Cohoes Falls. The Indian name was Nachtenack. This patent was issued to Philip Pieters Schuyler and Goosen Gerrits Van Schaick, May 4, 1668. It is also known as Van Schaick's Patent. It includes a part of Waterford, and a tract along the east side of Halfmoon. The Saratoga patent derives its name from a place on the Hudson, (now Schuylerville) called "Saraghtoga." This word in the Indian tongue, signifies "swift water," to distinguish that point in the river from the "still water" which there commences, and extends down to Stillwater village. This patent, about seventeen miles in length along the river, and extending six miles on each side, was granted, Oct. 9, 1708, to Peter Schuyler and others. The Clifton Park or Chenentahowe patent, embracing the east portion of the present town of Clifton Park, was granted to Nanning Hermance and others, Sept. 23, 1708. The Appell patent, the source of much litigation in our courts, was granted to William Appell, Nov. 2, 1708, and consists of a narrow strip, extending from the Mohawk at Rexford Flats to the vicinity of Ballston lake.

The original Indian tract called Kayaderosseras, derived its name from the Kayaderosseras creek. The word in the Indian language signifies "crooked stream." The patent of that name was issued November 2, 1708, to Nanning Hermance and twelve others, among whom was Sampson Broughton, the attorney general of the province, and embraces all of the central, and by far the greater portion of the county, and extends into the adjoining counties of Montgomery, Fulton and Warren. It was granted by Queen Anne, under the great seal of the province, and is now kept in our county clerk's office. The history of the title to this tract, affords a striking, though not uncommon, illustration of the greed, unscrupulousness and rapacity of our own race, in its transactions with the ignorant children of the forest. The process by which the Indians were finally forced to yield up this valuable property, is an instance of the operation of that universal physiological law, which has been denominated "the survival of the fittest," but which in this instance may be, perhaps, appropriately paraphrased as "the success of the smartest." The pretended Indian deed in 1702 to two individuals, upon the strength of which the patent was afterwards obtained, was evidently procured by the basest fraud. This was so palpable and notorious that for nearly half a century after its date no open claim under the patent was made. The 'ears of the Indians had been excited soon after it was issued, but after so great lapse of time, they regarded the claim as abandoned. In the meantime the shares of the original patentees had become vested in about one

hundred and thirty proprietors, most of whom were members of the assembly and council, the most prominent lawyers and the most wealthy and influential inhabitants of the province. It is evident from the communications to the Lords of Trade in London, (who had charge of colonial affairs,) made by Lieut. Gov. DeLaney, Gov. Moore and Sir. William Johnson, from 1754, when the fears of the Indians in regard to this claim were renewed, until the final settlement in 1768, that the patent was invalid for the following reasons :

The Indian deed purported to have been executed by only two tribes of the Mohawks ; whereas its validity required the concurrence of their three tribes, the Wolf, the Turtle and the Bear.

Those who executed the deed had no authority to bind their tribes.

It was procured upon the representation that it conveyed no more land than was sufficient for two or three small farms on the river above Saraghtoga, when it contained several hundred thousand acres, and the patent embraced much more than the deed purported to convey.

The pretended consideration was £60 to be paid in goods, which were never delivered ; the excuse (which was believed to be a sham) being that they had been sent from Albany to Schenectady for the Indians, and there accidentally destroyed by fire.

Sir William Johnson, always the true friend of the Indians, from time to time urged the necessity and importance of doing justice to the Mohawks in this regard, not only upon principle, but as a mat-

ter of policy ; for they were a formidable military power, and the other nations of the Indian confederacy would inevitably take up their quarrel, and the peace and security of the province be endangered. In vain he urged that proceedings be taken to vacate the patent for fraud, either by a *seize facias*, or an act of the Colonial legislature.

In writing to the Lords of Trade, Oct. 30, 1764, Sir William says: "From the date of the Kaya-deroseras patent in 1708 to 1754, no settlement whatever was made thereon, nor hath the same ever been surveyed or any partition made thereof as yet by the patentees ; and this notorious neglect, to the prejudice of the colony (had the grant been equitable) can only be attributed to their consciousness of its iniquity. Since then some of the proprietaries without knowing their own shares, have very lately encouraged some families, who, according to the best information, do not exceed a dozen in number, to settle on some parts of the patent towards Fort Edward, and in the neighborhood of Saraghtoga lake, but the Mohawk hunters, having come across their huts last year warned them off, with which some have complied."

In 1768 the Mohawks were persuaded into what was called a settlement, whereby, in consideration of \$5,000 and the relinquishment of a small portion of the tract as claimed under the patent, they released all their interest in it, according to the survey then made.

They never forgave the injury. Upon the breaking out of hostilities soon after, between Great

Britain and her colonies, they cast their fortunes with the Johnson family, and followed Sir John Johnson to Canada. Availing themselves of their familiar acquaintance with this region, they eagerly seized the opportunity of gratifying their revenge, by accompanying the regular forces in their frequent raids from Canada — to one of which I shall presently refer.

In 1769 and 1770 the patent was partitioned. It was subdivided into twenty-four divisions or allotments, and each allotment again divided into thirteen lots, so that each patentee, his heirs or assigns, would have a share in each allotment, and these lots were distributed by ballot. The commissioners of partition were Christopher Yates and John Glen, both of Schenectady, and Thomas Palmer of New Cornwall in the county of Orange, and Charles Webb was the surveyor.

A tract five miles square, constituting the present town of Ballston, except a few hundred acres at the south end, together with what is known as the Five Thousand acre tract in the south part of Charlton, was set apart by the commissioners for defraying the expenses of the partition and survey. From its proximity to the Mohawk valley, and the general appearance of the land, this reservation was regarded as the most valuable and salable in the patent. It was immediately subdivided into lots and thrown upon the market.

Before this partition took place, settlements upon the river patents already referred to, had been made to some extent, but were almost exclusively con-

fined to the river valleys. Along the valley of the Hudson, they had been partially retarded, by reason of its being the highway for the passage of the armies engaged in the wars between Great Britain and France. Before the middle of the last century there was a number of white inhabitants, two or three saw mills, and a log fort at Saraghtoga. In November 1745, the settlement was attacked by a party of French and Indians. The fort, which had been permitted to go to decay, the mills, and about twenty houses, were burned, and about thirty persons were killed and scalped, and about sixty more taken prisoners. In 1689, Harman Leversce had a house and barn at Halfmoon, surrounded by a fort, and in 1714 the place contained 101 inhabitants, mostly of Dutch descent, and scattered for several miles along both rivers.

In the early part of the last century, two brothers, Michael and Nicholas McDonald, natives of Ireland, when mere boys, were enticed on board of a vessel, lying in the Liffey, brought to Philadelphia, and there sold for a term of years, in accordance with a barbarous practice then in vogue, for a sum sufficient to defray the expenses of their passage, and taken into the back woods of Pennsylvania. In process of time they found their way to Schenectady, and having acquired a taste for life in the wilderness, settled down on the west shore of Long lake, and constructed a rude cabin. On their route thither they passed over a tract which had been recently burned over by Mohawk hunters for a deer pasture, to which they gave the name of "Burnt

Hills," which it has ever since retained. This was in 1763. In 1767, Sir William Johnson having heard through the Indians of a wonderful "medicine spring" flowing from the summit of a rock, and being in ill health, procured a party of them to conduct him thither. They passed a night in McDonald's cabin, and Michael, the next day, accompanied his guests to the spring (now known as the High Rock spring at Saratoga Springs)—Sir William being transported on a litter—and returned with them to his cabin.

It was owing to Sir William's influence with the Mohawks that the McDonald's remained undisturbed in their occupancy, and upon the subdivision of the Five mile square they obtained a deed from the proper source. Michael McDonald died on his old homestead June 28, 1823, in the 96th year of his age.

The next arrival, after this, was that of the Rev. Eliphalet Ball (from whom Ballston derives its name) with his family consisting of three sons, John, Stephen and Flamen, and a daughter Mary, who subsequently became the wife of James Gordon. This was in 1770. Mr. Ball had been a Congregational minister at Bedford, Westchester county and several of his congregation, which extended into Stamford, the adjoining town in Connecticut, came with him. A tract of 400 acres, upon the south line of which the "red meeting house" was subsequently erected, was donated to him by the proprietors of the Five mile square, as an inducement for this removal. They were soon followed by several

families from Connecticut and emigrants from Scotland and the north of Ireland.

On the 22d of September, 1775, such of the inhabitants as had been members of churches in their former homes, met, and united as a society under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Ball, and subscribed a paper containing among other things, this article of faith: "We believe the Gospel as it is explained and held forth in the assembly of Divine's shorter catechism, and the directory of the church of Scotland, as our plan of church government, so far as we may find it agreeable to the Word of God;" thus reserving, to its full extent, the right of conscience and private judgment. Measures were soon taken to build a house of worship, which resulted in the erection within a few years of the "Red Meeting House," known to some of the present generation as the "old Academy."

When independence was declared, the Ballston settlement had extended into what are now Charlton, Galway, and Milton, but then, and until organized as towns in 1792, known respectively as Freehold, Galloway, and Mill Town or Kayaderosseras.

The war did not entirely prevent, but it seriously checked, the influx of settlers. In regard to the controversy with the mother country there was here, as elsewhere, a diversity of sentiment. The choice was not entirely free from perplexity. The issue of the struggle was uncertain. The Tory or Royalist was assured protection from the strong arm of that government which had never failed to

shield its obedient or to punish its rebellious subject. Some remembered how, thirty years previous, the rebellion against the British crown, headed by the son of the lineal heir of the house of Stuart, and which collapsed on the disastrous field of Culloden, was followed by the merciless and indiscriminate slaughter of the vanquished—which fastened upon the commander of the royal forces—a son of the king—the appellation of the “Butcher of Cumberland.” Others, composed of the timid and conservative, the friends of law and order, those whose loyalty to the king they deemed an essential part of their religion, and who dreaded the disgrace of being stigmatized as “rebels,” adhered to the royal cause. The majority, which included the most influential and intelligent inhabitants, instead of being intimidated by the opprobrious epithet, gloried in it. They were aware of the penalties of treason. But, as men of sagacity they could not fail to perceive that it was repugnant to the dictates of reason and humanity that this vast country, with its boundless prospects of greatness, should remain an appendage to a little island, at the distance of 3,000 miles, across a vast waste of waters; and that the question of American independence was merely a question of time, and the time had come. There were enough loyal subjects scattered through the settlement to “aid and comfort the enemy,” and harbor their scouts and spies.

Col. Robert Van Rensselaer, in a letter to the provincial congress sitting at Kingston, dated

April 18, 1777, writes that he has received a letter requesting the assistance of the militia to quell an insurrection of the tories in Ballston.

Hezekiah Middlebrook, chairman of the Ballston committee of safety, writes a letter to the committee of Saratoga, dated May 2, 1777, stating in detail, the suspicious movements of a party of men who had encamped between Charles Merrick's and Ebenezer Sprague's (now on the road between Factory Village and James Thompson's) and adds that the morning previous, thirty or forty men were discovered marching up the Kayaderosseras, and returned the same way in the evening and further adds "There is reason to think there is a large body of them, more than we are able to cope with, and a good many from this settlement have absconded, and it is thought have joined them. We look upon ourselves at their mercy, if they choose to attack us, which we hope will incite you to be as expeditious as you can to assist us."

The explanation of this alarm would seem to be this: Several of the tories in this vicinity having received the offer of bounty lands in Canada, marched off in an armed body at about the date of Middlebrook's letter to join the British forces at Crown Point. They struck the well known Indian trail, leading over the Kayaderosseras mountain, across the Sacandaga river near Daly's creek, and west of Lake George to Crown Point, which I shall hereafter refer to. They encamped the first night on the bank of a lake on the summit of the mountain, to which, (either from its surroundings or

their own situation, or perhaps both,) they gave the name of "Lake Desolation," which it still retains. Col. James Gordon, with a detachment of militia (among whom were Edmund Jennings and David How) followed in pursuit, and on the 6th of May, overtook them, thirty-one in number, in the present town of Luzerne, and brought them back. They were tried by a court martial and fined fifteen dollars each.

On the approach of Burgoyne's army, several of the Connecticut families returned to that state, and did not come back until the close of the war.

The centennial celebration of the event which has given immortality to the name of Saratoga will no doubt be observed in October, 1877, with all the pomp and circumstance befitting the occasion, and the event itself illustrated by the best oratory of the country. Although it took place upon our soil, it is the property of the whole country. It fills the brightest page in its annals ; and the name of Saratoga occupies as conspicuous a place in English history, though not as flattering to English pride, as Blenheim, or Rainillies, or Quebec—I had almost said Waterloo. It has been classified by historians as one of the decisive battles in the history of the world. Before it occurred, defeat and disaster had for the most part followed the American arms, and hope had well nigh given place to despair. At no time since the commencement of hostilities, had our cause seemed so full of peril. On the one side, the British troops were in the occupation of New York city and the adjacent country. Sir Henry Clinton, with a fleet of transports, was

about to sail up the Hudson. St. Leger, with a body of regulars and Canadians, landing at Oswego, was joined by a force of Mohawks under Brant, and had proceeded as far as Fort Stanwix to march down the Mohawk valley. From the north General Burgoyne, who had won laurels for the crown, by his distinguished successes in Spain, commanding a large army, composed mostly of veterans of the seven years war, was moving down the upper Hudson to effect a junction with Clinton and St. Leger. The plan of the campaign was, incidentally, to prevent reinforcements to the American army, under the command of Schuyler and subsequently of Gates, and then to concentrate their forces at Albany, and with that city for their headquarters, and a chain of military posts, stretching from the sea coast to the St. Lawrence, to cut off all communication between New England and the other colonies, and thus dismember the confederacy. Nor was this all. We were carrying on a war against a power, "with which," in the words of America's greatest statesman and orator, "Imperial Rome, in the height of her glory is not to be compared—a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with its possessions and military posts—whose morning drum beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, encircles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." It was calculated on both sides—and such probably would have been the result—that if success should attend this expedition, it would terminate the contest.

Sir Henry Clinton lagged behind ; St. Leger's progress was blocked at Fort Stanwix : and upon the plains of Saratoga, within twelve miles of the spot where we are now assembled, the comparatively undisciplined troops of the Colonies, re-inforced by detachments of militia from the back settlements, achieved a brilliant and decisive victory. One of the most gallant of the British officers, the only general officer of the British forces killed in the war, fell on the field, and the splendid army, with its munitions and stores and ordnance, were finally surrendered to the Americans. The confidence inspired by this triumph of our arms, communicated a new impulse to our cause, which had its influence until our flag floated in triumph on the field of Yorktown.

After the surrender of Burgoyne, no event of importance occurred within our borders until 1780. In the early part of October in that year, an expedition was sent out from Canada under the command of Major Carlton, by way of Lake Champlain. Landing about 200 at the head of Bulwagga bay, which forms the west shore of Crown Point, the remainder, consisting of about 800 proceeded up the lake, landing at South bay, moved forward rapidly to Fort Anne, where they arrived on the 10th of October, and on demand the fort was surrendered, and then burnt, and the garrison made prisoners. They then with their prisoners marched across to Fort George, where they arrived October 11th. After a short skirmish outside of the fort, between Gage's Hill and Bloody Pond in which the

enemy were successful, and a brief investment of the fort, our troops surrendered themselves as prisoners, and the fort was destroyed. Major Carlton with his forces and prisoners thereupon returned to his vessels on Lake Champlain.

The other party which landed at Bulwagga Bay, was made up of a part of Sir John Johnson's corps, and some rangers, (among whom were refugees from the Ballston settlement) and Mohawk Indians, led by "Captain John," and all under the command of Captain Munro, formerly a trader at Schenectady. The object of this part of the expedition was to attack Schenectady, but if that experiment, upon reconnoitring should be deemed hazardous, then to make a descent upon the Ballston settlement. The orders to Munro were, to plunder, destroy property, and take prisoners, but not to kill, unless attacked or resisted, or to prevent escapes. They proceeded by the Indian trail already mentioned, and encamped in the northwest part of the present town of Milton, where they remained a few days, concealed from all but some tories in the neighborhood, by whom they were supplied with provisions. Having learned through their scouts that it would be unsafe to make an attempt on Schenectady, and that the "fort" in Ballston had just been garrisoned by about 200 militia men chiefly from the former place, they concluded to advance no further than Col. Gordon's.

The "fort," as it was called, stood on the southwest corner of the square, at the Red Meeting house, which was then nearly completed. The fort

was constructed of oak logs, with loop holes for musketry, and surrounded with pickets.

The massacre at Cherry Valley, and the more recent Indian barbarities in the Mohawk valley, had excited the worst apprehensions of the Ballston inhabitants, who had for two or three months previous been expecting an invasion of the enemy. Some of them had frequently abandoned their dwellings at night, taking with them their most valuable effects and lodged in the woods; but as no danger appeared, their vigilance relaxed, and they slept in their dwellings.

Col. James Gordon, then the commanding officer of a regiment of militia, arrived home October 13th, from Poughkeepsie, where he had attended as a member of the legislature, at an extra session convened by Gov. Clinton, which adjourned October 10th. His residence was on the Middle Line road, upon the farm now owned by Henry Wiswall, jr. and his capture was deemed of considerable importance. Some of the escaped tories, who had been brought back by him three years previous, had not forgiven him, and one of them, in communication with Munro, informed him of Gordon's arrival. In the evening of October 16th, the enemy came to a halt at the dwelling of one James McDonald, a tory living at the first four corners west of what has since been known as the Court House hill. McDonald piloted the party through the woods to the rear of Gordon's house. Gordon was awakened by the breaking of the windows of his sleeping room, by bayonets thrust through them. He sprang from

his bed, in which ~~was~~^{was} his wife and little daughter, and partly dressing himself, went into the hall, which was by this time filled with the enemy. As he opened the door, a gigantic savage raised his tomahawk, and as the blow was descending upon Gordon's head, the arm of the savage was caught by an officer. At this moment the brass clock, which stood in the corner of the hall, struck twelve, whereupon an Indian shattered it into pieces with his tomahawk exclaiming: "you never speak again!" A scene of indiscriminate plunder then ensued, which was chiefly carried on by the squaws, who accompanied the party, and who were the most heavily laden with the spoils. The Indians attempted to fire the house and barn, but were prevented. Besides Gordon, Jack Calbraith and John Parlow, servants, and Nero, Jacob and Ann, three negro slaves were carried off as prisoners.

As they proceeded towards the main road, where Gordon's miller, Isaac Stow, lived, he came running toward them, exclaiming "Col. Gordon, save yourself! the Indians!" He turned and ran a short distance, when he was intercepted by an Indian, who pierced him in the side with his spontoon and Stow fell. The Indian then dispatched him with his tomahawk and took off his scalp.

In the meantime, a party had proceeded to the house of Captain Collins, across the Mourning Kill. They broke open his door and captured him and his female slave. His son, Mannasseh, escaped through an upper window and ran to the fort, a mile and a half distant, and gave the alarm. The enemy

then proceeded up the Middle Line road and made prisoners of Thomas Barnum, John Davis, Elisha Benedict, and his three sons, Caleb, Elias and Felix, and Dublin, his slave: Edward A. Watrous, Paul Pierson and his son John, a boy, John Higby and his son Lewis, George Kennedy, Jabez Patchin, Josiah Hollister, Ebenezer Sprague and his sons John and Elijah: Thomas Kennedy, Enoch Wood and one Palmatier, living near what is now known as Milton Center, and who was the last one taken. But one man lived north of Palmatier. Being a tory, he was unmolested. Several houses and barns were burned.

Between Higby's and George Kennedy's, about fifty under the command of Lieut. Frazer, a refugee from the vicinity of Burnt Hills, left the main body and advanced to the dwelling of George Scott. Aroused from sleep by the violent barking of his watch dog, he, with his musket in his hand opened the door, and saw the column advancing in the moonlight. He heard some one exclaim: "Scott, throw down your gun, or you are a dead man!" Not hastening to obey, he was felled to the floor, by three tomahawks simultaneously thrown at him by Indians of the party, who rushed up to take his scalp. They were prevented by Frazer and Sergeant Springsteen, another refugee and formerly Scott's hired man, who, with their swords, kept the savages at bay. The party pillaged the house and left Scott, as they believed, in a dying condition;—so they informed Col. Gordon, his brother-in-law—but he recovered.

The enemy crossed the Kayaderosseras, at what is now Milton Center, about daylight and soon came to a halt. Each prisoner was placed between two of the enemy in Indian file. Their hands were tied, some of them were barefooted and most of them but partly dressed. George Kennedy was lame from a cut in his foot, and had no clothing but a sheet. Munro thereupon addressed his men. He said he expected they would be pursued, and that on discovering the first sign of a pursuit, even the firing of a gun, each man must kill his prisoner. In this order, the march was resumed; the prisoners expecting that the troops from the fort would overtake them, and that each moment would be their last. Another source of apprehension was that some Indian would fall back and fire his gun for the purpose of having the order carried into execution, a reward for scalps having been offered. For this inhuman order, Munro was afterwards dismissed from the service.

The first man in front of Gordon was a British regular, a German, who was next behind Captain Collins and had charge of him. Gordon was the prisoner of a ferocious savage immediately in his rear. He heard the soldier say to Capt. Collins: "I have been through the late war in Europe, and in many battles, but I never before have heard such a bloody order as this. I can kill in the heat of battle, but not in cold blood. You need not fear me, for I will not obey the order. But the Indian in charge of Gordon is thirsting for his blood, and the moment a gun is fired Gordon is a dead man."

On arriving at the foot of the Kayaderosseras mountain, they halted for breakfast, and slaughtered the sheep and cattle which they had driven along on their retreat. In the afternoon, they struck the trail up the mountain by which they had descended, and halted for the night about two miles beyond Lake Desolation. Munro here discharged Ebenezer Sprague and Paul Pierson, both old men, together with John Pierson and George Kennedy. Gordon had privately, by some means sent back a message, advising that all attempts at a rescue should be abandoned. The messenger met Capt. Stephen Ball with a detachment of militia from the fort, at what has since been known as Milton meeting house, and they returned. The enemy with their prisoners, on the 24th day of October, arrived at Bulwagga bay and there, joining Carlton's party, they all proceeded down the lake to St. Johns and thence to Montreal. The prisoners were at first lodged in the *Recollet* convent, and afterwards confined in a jail. Gordon was bailed in the sum of £3,000 by James Ellice, with whom he had formerly been connected in business, in Schenectady. After a few months, for what reason he never knew, he, alone of all the prisoners, was removed to Quebec and kept there in prison for about two years, when he was transferred to the Isle of Orleans.

In May, 1781, the notorious Joe Bettys with the aid of about thirty refugees under his command, made a raid into the Ballston district and captured Consider Chard, Uri Tracy, Ephraim Tracy, Samuel Nash and Samuel Patchin. They were all taken

to Canada excepting Nash, who escaped near Lake Desolation. At the same time, Epenetus White, Captain Rumsey, two brothers named Banta, and some others on the east side of Long lake, were taken by a Tory officer named Waltermeyer, and marched off to Canada.

When Gordon was removed to the Isle of Orleans, he there found White, Higby, Enoch Wood, the two Bantas, and other Ballston prisoners. They contrived to escape from the island by means of a fisherman's boat, and landing on the right bank of the river, they made their way into the wilderness. Their provisions soon gave out and for several days they subsisted upon nothing but berries and a species of mussel found in the streams. Arriving at the headwaters of the St. John, they, with their hatchets, constructed a rude raft, upon which they floated down the river for a considerable distance, and then struck across to Passamaquoddy bay. This was in 1783, and there they learned for the first time, that hostilities had ceased. They proceeded to Halifax, and were brought from thence to Boston by a *cartel*.

Nero, one of Munro's prisoners, after his capture, had attempted to escape. A few rods south of the north line of the "Five mile square," where James Allison now lives, he suddenly broke from the ranks, and sprang headlong down a ravine. His head coming in contact with a sapling, he was retaken. At Montreal he was sold to Capt. Laws, a British officer. The other slaves, captured by Munro, were also sold. In a short time, Nero and

Capt. Benedict's "boy" Dublin, contrived to escape. They came by the west shore of Lake Champlain, to Ticonderoga, and there swam across the Lake, and found their way to Richmond, Massachusetts. There they remained until the close of the war, when they returned to Ballston and voluntarily surrendered themselves respectively to their former owners.

Joe Bettys, to whom I have alluded, was the son of respectable parents residing in the Ballston district. His father, Joseph Bettys, during and subsequent to the war, kept a tavern below what is known as the Delavan farm, upon the farm now occupied by Mr. Lewis Trites. The old man's gravestone may be seen in the cemetery at Burnt Hills. The career of Joseph Bettys jr. is an important item in the early history of Ballston. His name, for several years towards the close of the war, was a terror to its inhabitants. The following account of Bettys is mostly compiled from Simms's *Border Wars*, and a statement of Col. John Ball :

Col. Ball, a son of Rev. Eliphalet Ball, as early as 1776, held a lieutenant's commission in a regiment of New York forces commanded by Colonel Wynkoop. Being acquainted with Bettys, and knowing him to be bold, athletic and intelligent in an uncommon degree, he succeeded in enlisting him as a sergeant. Bettys was soon reduced to the ranks by reason of some insolence to an officer, who, as he alleged, had wantonly abused him. To save him to the cause, Ball procured him a sergeantcy in the fleet commanded by Gen. Arnold on Lake

Champlain, in 1776. Bettys was in the desperate fight between the British and American fleets on the Lake, and being a skillful seaman, was of signal service during the contest. He fought until every commissioned officer on board of his vessel was killed or wounded, and then himself assumed the command, and continued to fight with such reckless courage that General Waterbury, who was second in command under Arnold, perceiving that the vessel was likely to sink, was obliged to order Bettys and the remnant of the crew on board of his own vessel. He stationed him on the quarter deck by his side, and gave orders through him, until the vessel having become disabled, and the crew nearly all killed, Gen. Waterbury wounded and only two officers left, the colors were struck, and the remnant made prisoners. They were soon discharged on their parole. General Waterbury afterwards informed the Rev. Mr. Ball that he never saw a man behave with such deliberate desperation as did Bettys on that occasion, and that the shrewdness of his management was equal to his courage.

For some reason his gallant services were not recognized to his satisfaction, and this neglect his proud spirit and ungovernable temper could not brook. He afterwards went to Canada, joined the loyalists, and receiving an Ensign's commission in the British army, became a *spy* and proved himself a most dangerous and subtle enemy. He was at length captured and sentenced to be hung at West Point, but the entreaties of his aged parents, and the solicitations of influential whigs, induced

General Washington to pardon him. But it was ill directed clemency. He was more vindictive than ever, and the whigs in this part of the state, and especially in Ballston, soon had occasion to regret the lenity they had unfortunately caused to be extended to him. He recruited soldiers for the king in our very midst, planned and guided many of the raids from the north, and was at the same time in the employment of the king's officers as a most faithful and successful messenger, and cunning and intelligent spy. There had been many attempts to apprehend him, but he eluded them all.

In the early spring of 1782, in the present town of Clifton Park, about a mile west of Jonesville, one Jacob Fulmer was engaged in making maple sugar in the woods, and after remaining there as usual over night, was relieved in the morning by his daughter while he went to his breakfast. The morning was very foggy, and she, without being observed, saw a man, upon snow shoes, bearing a pack and a gun, pass near by and proceed toward the house of a widow named Hawkins. This house was upon the farm now belonging to L. W. Crosby. The girl immediately informed her father, who at once suspected the stranger might be Bettys. Calling upon two of his neighbors, Perkins and Corey, and all being well armed, they stealthily approached the house, and suddenly burst open the door. They discovered Bettys with his back towards them, eating his breakfast, with his rifle by his side. He seized it, but not having taken the precaution to undo the deer-skin cover that protected

the lock, was unable to discharge it. They seized him and tied him securely. He asked leave to smoke, and was partially unbound to afford him the opportunity. He went to the fireplace to light his pipe, and took something out of his tobacco box, and threw it into the fire. Corey noticed this and immediately snatched it out with a handful of coals. It was a small leaden box about the eighth of an inch in thickness, and contained a paper in cypher, which afterwards proved to be a dispatch to the British commander in New York, and also contained an order on the mayor of New York for £30 sterling, in case the dispatch should be safely delivered. Bettys begged for leave to burn the papers, and offered 100 guineas for the privilege, but his captors refused. He then despairingly said: "I am a dead man." He was taken to Albany, tried by a court martial and convicted and hung as a spy; to the great relief of the whigs in this section of the state.

A few weeks after the capture of Bettys, a small party of St. Regis Indians, having spent the winter in hunting and fishing in the northern wilderness, attacked Joseph Gonzalez and his sons, living in that part of the Ballston district which is now Charlton, while they were burning brush in the field. Gonzalez and his son Emanuel were killed and scalped. John, a younger son fifteen years old and a hired man were carried off as prisoners and taken to St. Regis village. John was subsequently forced to enter the British service, and returned in 1785. He was the father of the late Emanuel Consalus of Charlton.

While Gen. Washington was waiting at Newburgh, in the summer of 1783, for the definitive treaty of peace, he concluded to while away a part of the time by a trip to the northern part of the state. Accordingly, accompanied by Gov. Clinton, Gen. Hamilton, and others, he proceeded by water to Albany. From thence the party on horseback moved up the river, and visited the scene of the late battle above Stillwater, and the spot of Burgoyne's surrender. They continued on to Lake George, passed down the lake in boats which had been provided for them, and examined the fortifications of Ticonderoga and Crown Point. On their return they came by the way of the High Rock spring, where they halted, and then with some difficulty found their way to the mineral spring (at the foot of what is now Front street) which first gave to Ballston Spa its celebrity as a watering place. The spring then flowed through a tube made from the section of a hollow tree. No building had then been erected or clearing made within our present corporate limits. From here they proceeded to the residence of Col. Gordon, who had recently returned from his captivity, where they dined. Towards night they left for Schenectady, Col. Gordon attired in his regimentals escorting them, and riding at Washington's right.

For just one hundred years our territory formed a part of Albany county, which was established in 1691. Until the erection of Tryon and Charlotte counties in 1772, it embraced all the northern and western portions of the province, and for a time,

the whole of Vermont. By an act of the colonial legislature, passed March 24, 1772, a district in Albany county, by the name of Halfmoon, was erected, which included the present towns of Halfmoon, Waterford and Clifton Park. By the same act, all the residue of our territory, including the Saratoga patent, was organized as a district by the name of Saratoga. By another act, passed April 1, 1775, the district of Ballston was taken from Saratoga. The Ballston district embraced the present towns of Ballston, Charlton, Galway, Milton, Providence, Edinburgh, Day, Hadley, and the most of Greenfield and Corinth. In 1788 the districts of Halfmoon and Ballston were organized as towns in Albany county. The Saratoga district was divided into two towns in the same county, to wit: Stillwater, which embraced the south part of the Saratoga patent on both sides of the river; and Saratoga, which included the residue of the district.

These four towns, except the portions of Saratoga and Stillwater lying east of the river, constituted the county of Saratoga, which was created by an act of the legislature, passed February 7, 1791. This brings us down to our separate existence as a county, and affords a convenient stopping place.

But a brief sketch of the semi-centennial celebration of American independence in this village on Tuesday, July 4, 1826, will, I trust, be not deemed inappropriate. It surpassed in interest and pageantry all Fourth of July observances in this county, that preceded it, or have followed it.

The most prominent feature of the procession was

a car 42 feet long and 14 feet wide named "The Temple of Industry." It was drawn by thirteen yoke of oxen, each yoke in charge of a driver clad in a tow frock, and all under the command of Jacob Near of Malta. Upon the car, were thirteen representatives of so many branches of the mechanic arts, plying their vocations. Among them was the printer, striking off semi-centennial odes; the blacksmith, with his anvil, keeping time with the music; the cooper, making more noise than all the others; and Mr. William Van Ness, who, while the procession was moving, made a pair of shoes for the president of the day, to whom they were presented with an appropriate address and response.

Another interesting feature of the procession was a band of *thirty-seven Revolutionary veterans*, who kept step to the music in a way that indicated they had not forgotten their military discipline. Lemuel Wilcox, a soldier of the revolution, bore a standard inscribed, "Declaration of Independence." John Whitehead, another revolutionary veteran, bore a standard inscribed "Constitution of the United States." And another veteran, Jeremiah Pierson, carried the national standard.

Another attractive feature was the "Corps of Union Cadets," composed of two fine looking and admirably drilled uniformed companies from Union college; one commanded by Captain Knox and the other by Captain Jackson, now the senior professor in that institution. The corps was under the command of Major Holland, the register of the college, and a veteran of the war of 1812.

The procession moved through the principal streets amid salvos from a brass six pounder captured from Burgoyne, to the Baptist church, which stood upon the lot now occupied by the railroad water tank. Samuel Young, then speaker of the assembly, presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Eliphalet Nott, the president of Union college. The declaration of independence was read by Anson Brown, a young lawyer of this village, who died while our representative in the twenty-sixth congress. The oration was delivered by John W. Taylor, then speaker of the House of Representatives. His concluding remarks were addressed to the revolutionary soldiers, who arose in a body, and the scene was quite dramatic.

The Union Cadets dined at the Sans Souci hotel, and the regular dinner and toasts were at the Village Hotel. Among the regular toasts was the following:

John Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Charles Carroll of Carrollton: The surviving signers of the declaration of independence. As the measure of their days, so is that of their fame—over flowing.

When this sentiment was uttered, it was not known, that since the sun had risen on that day, two of those illustrious patriots had been numbered with the dead, leaving Charles Carroll the sole survivor.

By previous arrangement, the cadets marched into the room, when the president of the day addressed them in highly appropriate and complimentary terms. Major Holland responded, reading from a manuscript, in the familiar hand writing of Dr. Nott, which I hold in my hand :

GENTLEMEN: In behalf of the corps I have the honor to command, permit me to tender their acknowledgement for your polite attentions. If our humble exertions to aid in the duties of the day have met the approbation of this patriotic assemblage, it is the highest gratification we can receive. In retiring, permit me to propose as a toast:

THE COUNTY OF SARATOGA. Its hills, monuments of valor; its springs, resorts of fashion; its hamlets, signalized by patriots and statesmen.

Union college and its distinguished president were complimented by two of the *alumni* as follows:

By Thomas Palmer, Esq.

UNION COLLEGE. *Credit—crescit—crescat.*

By Anson Brown, Esq.

THE PRESIDENT OF UNION COLLEGE. *"Dignum laude círum musa retat mori."*

If these sentiments were not duly appreciated by all present, the following was expressed in such plain spoken, unmistakable English, that there was no doubt as to its meaning:

By Edward Watrous, Esq.

THE LEGITIMATES OF EUROPE. *May they be yoked, poked and hoppled, cross fettered, tied head and foot and turned out to browse on the pine plains of old Saratoga.*

In regard to the remaining festivities at the table, and the exuberance of patriotic feeling manifested, the truth of history, perhaps, requires the statement, that temperance societies had not yet been organized.

The committee of arrangements consisted of James Merrill, David Cory, Wm. Clark, John Dix, Jerry Penfield, Charles Field, Alexander Russell, Robert Bennett, Roswell Herrick, David F. White, Geo. W. Fish, Hiram Middlebrook, Joseph Barker, David Derrick, Sylvester Blood, Samuel R. Garrett and Abraham Middlebrook. The general

manager of this superb celebration was Lyman B. Langworthy, then the sheriff of the county, now living at Rochester, and almost a nonagenarian.

The only survivors of those who officiated on that occasion besides sheriff Langworthy, and Prof. Jackson, are Joseph Barker, Hiram Middlebrook and our fellow citizen, Samuel R. Garrett.

And now, Time in its "ceaseless course," has brought us down to the semi-centennial anniversary of the deaths of Adams and Jefferson, and to the centennial of American Independence, which they were so instrumental in establishing.

When the Persian monarch more than 2,000 years ago, looked down upon the Hellespont covered with ships, and the shores and plains of Abydos swarming with men composing his grand army for the invasion of Greece, he, with tears gave utterance to the thought, which has been deemed worthy of mention by the historian, that in a hundred years, not one of that vast multitude would be alive. How brief in leed is the life of man, when compared with the duration of his race! It is a solemn reflection, however obvious and common place it may seem, that of the millions who are this day celebrating the commencement of the SECOND century of our national existence, probably not one will live to usher in the THIRD. Let us indulge the hope, that when the Sun rises on the Fourth of July, 1976, it will shine upon a free, prosperous and happy land, still known as the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

CENTENNIAL ADDRESS

Delivered at Ballston Spa, N. Y. July 4, 1876, by J. S. L'Amoreaux.

FELLOW CITIZENS :

The nation which we are proud to call our own has had one hundred years of life. This is its centennial birth-day. Its history has been one that has attracted the attention of the civilized world. Born out of oppression, cradled in liberty, it has breathed an atmosphere full of political principles, which recognize the individual rights of man as nowhere else recognized ; which guaranteed a liberty to all that is elsewhere impossible ; that insisted upon the education of the masses as the sure protection of the principles upon which it is founded ; which foster in every way the best and highest interests of the whole people. To found such a nation—to perpetuate such a government, presupposes sacrifices of no small value, and a watchfulness incessant and vigilant.

We have been passing through, for the last year, the nation's anniversary of these sacrifices ; estimating again the price our fathers paid at Lexington, Bunker Hill, and other honored fields, where

the handful of patriots laid the foundation of this government in blood and tears. And for more than a year they fought defiantly, without organization, without government and without any definite aim of independence. At Lexington and Bunker Hill the men who faced the trained regiments of England were the farmer boys, without leader, discipline or equipment. Washington did not take command of the Continental army until July 3d, 1775, then numbering about 7,000 persons—less than one half the number were equipped. A few months after, the adjutant-general described the military situation in these words: “With an army of force before and a secret one behind, we stand on a point of land with 6,000 old troops (if a year’s service of about half, can entitle them to this name) and about 1,500 raw levies of the province; many disaffected and more doubtful. Every man, from the general to the private, acquainted with our situation, is exceedingly discouraged. Had I known the true posture of affairs no consideration would have tempted me to take part in this scene; and this sentiment is universal.”

Before this little band, taken from 3,000,000 of people, thirty thousand of the best troops of England were arrayed. At Charleston alone there were fifty ships of war. A long coast line was to be defended, an extensive part guarded, the disaffected and the tories watched. A situation more disheartening could be hardly imagined.

During the earlier part of the war the idea of national independence was almost, if not entirely,

unknown. It was far from being understood that the war was for the purpose of revolt. Jefferson, the author of the declaration of independence, said : "I had never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from the mother country until after April 19, 1775." Washington said : "When I first took command of the army, July 3, 1775, I abhorred the idea of independence." It was an idea, at the period named, in its infancy, if indeed it had life at all. It was not until the succeeding year, 1776, that it began to take permanent shape, and the people began to consider the possibility of a separate sovereignty, and to be made more enthusiastic and devoted by a grand and definite aim. Historians say that : "As Americans, they were called upon as free subjects of Great Britain, to relinquish theoretically and practically some of the dearest prerogatives guaranteed to them by ancient laws and customs, prerogatives in which were enveloped the most precious kernels of civil liberty. They arose as one family to resist the insidious progress of oncoming despotism, and yearned for union to give themselves strength commensurate to the task.

Leading minds in every colony perceived the necessity for a general council, and in the spring of 1774 the great heart of Anglo-America seemed to beat as with one pulsation with this sublime idea. That idea found voice and expression almost simultaneously throughout the land. Rhode Island had the distinguished honor to be first to speak out publicly on the subject. A general congress was proposed at a town meeting in Providence on May

17, 1774. A committee of a town meeting held in Philadelphia on the 21st, four days afterward, also recommended such a measure, and on the 23d a town meeting in New York city uttered the same sentiment. The house of Burgesses, dissolved by Lord Dunmore, assembled at the Raleigh tavern in Williamsburgh on the 27th, and on that day warmly recommended the assembling of a national council; and Baltimore in county meeting also took action in favor of it on the 31st; on the 6th of June a town meeting at Norwich, Conn., proposed a general congress; on the 11th a county meeting at Newark, N. J., did the same. On the 17th the Massachusetts assembly and at the same time a town meeting in Faneuil hall, Boston, strenuously recommended the measure, and a county meeting at New Castle, Delaware, approved of it on the 29th. On the 6th of July, the committee of correspondence at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, expressed its approbation of the measure. A general province meeting held at Charleston, S. C., on the 6th, 7th and 8th of that month urged the necessity of such a congress; and a district meeting at Wilmington, N. C., heartily responded affirmatively.

Thus we perceive that within the space of sixty-four days, twelve of the thirteen colonies spoke out decidedly in favor of a continental congress, Georgia alone remaining silent. The Massachusetts assembly designated the 1st of September, 1774, as the time, and Philadelphia as the place, for the meeting of the congress. Other colonies acquiesced and at Philadelphia the delegates convened.

Says Bancroft: "This congress in the earlier months of 1776 had been steadily drifting on towards the distinct assertion of separate sovereignty, and had rendered it irreconcilable with reason and good conscience for the colonies to take the oaths required for the support of the government under the crown of Great Britain."

But it was not until the 7th of June, 1776, that Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, arose and read the resolution: "That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

The morning of July 1 was the day set apart for considering this resolution, and at the appointed time the members, fifty in number, appeared in their places. Every colony was found to be represented and the delegates from all but one had received full power to act. As early as January, Massachusetts had instructed her delegates to act for independence, South Carolina in March, and Georgia in April. North Carolina, on the 12th of April was the first to direct expressly its representatives in Congress to concur in a declaration of independence. On the 4th day of May, Rhode Island made its delegates the representatives of an independent republic. For two days the resolution was earnestly and solemnly debated, and on the 2d day of July, 1776, in the words of John Adams, "the greatest question was decided which

was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never has, nor ever will be, decided among men. I am surprised at the suddenness as well as the greatness of this resolution. It may be the will of heaven that America shall suffer calamities still more wasting, and distresses yet more dreadful; but, I submit all my hopes and fears to an overruling Providence in which I firmly believe. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain the declaration and support and defend these states, yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing glory."

The vote of July 2 changed the thirteen dependent colonies into thirteen independent states: but the terse, ringing sentences of Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence, put the resolution of Lee with such force before the country and the world that the birth of the American republic is considered to be, not the day on which the resolution passed, but the day on which the declaration was promulgated.

Looking back upon the work of these men, we can scarcely conceive the solemnity of the discussion, the perils that environed those few patriots, the earnestness with which they devoted their lives, their treasure, their sacred honor, to the principles they believed to be above all price. They were not thoughtless, reckless men. The wisdom, the statesmanship and prudence of the country, were there assembled. And the men who laid all upon the altar of their country were those who weighed well the peril of their cause, and the suffering and pos-

sible disaster that awaited them. Seeing all and dreading the worst, they boldly defied the greatest power on earth. Congress in its wisdom saw fit to conceal the name of the mover of the resolution, but when the Declaration was to be signed, the enthusiasm of that hour fired every heart, and with defiant pen they put their immortal names to the paper.

Said John Hancock: "There, John Bull may read my name without spectacles."

Franklin remarked: "We must hang together, or else most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

Harrison remarked that Gerry, afterward vice-president, would be hanging in the air long after his own fate would be settled.

From the work of these devoted men and the principles they promulgated, have grown all the results of the past century. The tree which you plant to-day is an emblem of the tree of liberty they planted then, imbedding its roots firmly in the soil of their lofty devotion and watering it through the terrible years of war with the best blood of the land.

Under the protecting shade of that tree we have enjoyed a hundred years of unexampled prosperity, a century of marvelous growth in all that makes a nation strong and beneficent to the world. The results of the century are almost beyond the conception of the human mind. The inventions and discoveries of the age, in all the appliances that almost annihilate space and time, show us how

poor and weak our fathers were a hundred years ago. We numbered then 3,000,000 of people scattered from Massachusetts to Georgia, occupying hardly more than the sea coast. Most of the country was a wilderness, the towns widely separated, the roads almost impassable.

New York state to-day alone has a much larger population, and is stronger in all the elements of power. In a hundred years we have doubled our territory many times. We have increased from 3,000,000 of poor people to our 50,000,000 of the wealthiest people on the globe. And this growth, with all that is suggested has only been rendered possible by the discoveries which have been made during the last hundred years.

This has been the wonder-century of the christian era, and so far as known in the history of the world. Steam has revolutionized the world. Our own noble Hudson was first plowed by the parent of steamers, and to-day no clime upon the face of the earth that does not bow in homage to its royal sway. The locomotive has built a net work of roads, traversing every section of country, and has constructed in 50 years more than 73,000 miles of railway, 25,000 more than all Europe has laid in the same time : and our roads carry their passengers with a comfort and speed unknown in the old world.

By the side of every railway is that lightning pulse of the world, the electric telegraph, stretching over vast tracts of country, joining hands with the old world under the sea, bringing us into familiar acquaintance with all the doings of the earth, and

with news of the most minute occurrences of the present day from the most distant parts of the globe. What fifty years ago would be considered a miracle is to-day a fact of common occurrence, and yet the telegraph was first brought into practical use in 1844, and in 30 years 700,000 miles of telegraph have been constructed, 150,000 in the United States alone.

Add to these the stationary engine, as a manufacturing power, which has entirely changed the face and form of labor. Our rapid development has only been made possible by our multiplied application of discovery. Machinery has supplanted labor and become the bone and sinew of the country. The cotton gin: the machines for planting, sowing and threshing; the sewing machines and the knitting machines: by which one man does the work of ten in the varied fields of labor: oil drawn from the depths of earth to light our homes: gold and silver and iron mines; all these present the face and beauty of the country. All these wonderful inventions and developments are made to please and benefit man.

The printing press, placing 2,500 volumes annually in the hands of the people, giving life blood to the nation, with our periodicals, secular and religious, make us the admiration of the world.

The system of public instruction which gathers 6,000,000 of our children in the best public schools in the world, and sending them out prepared for American citizenship, is the highest evidence of our substantial and permanent progress.

The inventions of the people show the wonderful fertility of American ingenuity and imagination. In 1874, one year, 13,599 patents were granted to the American people for their inventions, exceeding many times that of all other nations combined.

These years are behind us ; on them we stand as on vantage ground, and from them we look into the future. While wonders have been accomplished in the century past, much beyond the conception of our fathers, still there is work to do. Let us glean from the experience of the past, and with an intelligent and cultivated intellect, and conscience, may the principles of our country, like the tree our fathers planted, be blessed of heaven and nurtured by our favored country.

May the fidelity of her sons, and the earnest, sterling, uncompromising integrity of her people be her mark of distinction ; and, as the tree this day planted shall grow in grandeur and beauty, so may we as a nation grow in moral and intellectual strength and power, ever remembering the highest exhibition of a nation's glory is to battle for the right.

“Who'll press for gold this crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread yon church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with his brow of truth,
The rich and poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be,
A hundred years to come ?

"We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come.
But other men our land will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
And other words will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come."



ERRATA.

Page 9, Line 28, read "destroyed" for "destroy."
Page 32, Line 29, read "surpassed" for "surpasses."
Page 32, Line 30, read "county" for "country."



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